

# White Cloud



# Kansas Chief.

SOL. MILLER, EDITOR AND PUBLISHER.

THE CONSTITUTION AND THE UNION.

TERMS—\$2.00 PER ANNUM, IN ADVANCE.

VOLUME II.—NUMBER 27.

WHITE CLOUD, KANSAS, THURSDAY, DECEMBER 16, 1858.

WHOLE NUMBER, 79.

## Choice Poetry.

(From *Alfred's Casket*, 1832.)  
THE MEMPHIAN MUMMY.  
BY THE AVON BARD.

"Winged in mysterious words."—POTTER.

Maiden! thy form hath not yet lost its grace,  
Though from that clasp thou dost life's rays glow;  
And smiles seem playing on the very face,  
As though thy lips were blossoms new and cold,  
Which had not yet felt the kiss of death's cold,  
And heavy eyelids in the locks of gold,  
Which on thy forehead curl.

Some! thy form hath not yet lost its grace,  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;

Permeate that air, so very dull and cold,  
The mystic life of Memphis once again,  
When came the morning sky with gold,  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;

And the glow of some low-breathing life,  
That throbs and throbs in every vein;  
That throbs and throbs in every vein;  
That throbs and throbs in every vein;  
That throbs and throbs in every vein;  
That throbs and throbs in every vein;  
That throbs and throbs in every vein;

The breathing state and the speaking best,  
Of all their grace and beauty have been left,  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;

The smiling sunbeams flash upon thee now,  
Who life to her did all its charms unveil,  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;

In childhood's hour, the smiles little thought,  
When life to her did all its charms unveil,  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;  
And all its charms are still as erst;

## Select Tale.

THE OLD PREACHER;  
—OR—  
THE TRAITOR AND PATRIOT.

Fifty years ago a terrible storm shook  
the city of London. At the dead of the  
night, when the storm was at its height,  
an aged minister, living near the suburbs  
of the city, was aroused by an earnest  
cry for help. Looking from his window,  
he beheld a man, clad in the coarse  
attire of the sweeper of the public streets.  
In a few moments, while the rain came  
down in torrents, and the storm growled  
above, the preacher leaning on the arm of  
the scavenger, threaded his way through  
the dark suburbs.

That very day a strange old man had  
fallen speechless in front of the scavenger's  
rule home. The good-hearted  
street-sweeper had taken him in, laid  
him on his own bed—he had not spoken  
once—and now he was dying.

This was the story of the rough man.  
And now, through dark alleys, among  
miserable tenements, that seem to topple  
down upon their heads, into the loneliness  
of the suburbs they pass—that  
white-haired minister and his guide. At  
last in a narrow court, and up a flight of  
stairs that creaked beneath their tread,  
and then into the death room.

It was in truth a miserable place.  
A glimmering light shone on a broken  
chair. There were the rough walls, there  
the solitary garret window, with the rain  
beating through the ragged and straw,  
which stuffed the broken panes—and there  
amid a heap of cold shavings the small valise,  
which it seems the stranger had with him.

In one corner, on the coarse straw of  
the ragged bed, lay the dying man. He  
was but half-dressed—his legs were con-  
cealed by military boots.

The aged preacher drew near and look-  
ed upon him. And he looked—throb-  
throb—you might hear the death-watch  
tick in the shattered wall.

It was the form of a strong man, grown  
old with care, more than age.  
There was a face that you might look  
upon once, and yet wear in your memory  
forever. Let us bend over the bed and  
look on that face.

A bold forehead seemed by one deep  
wrinkle between the brows—long locks  
of dark hair, sprinkled with gray—lips  
firmly set, yet quivering as though they  
had a life separate from the life of the man  
and then two large eyes vivid, burning,  
unusual in their steady glare.

Ah, there was something so terrible in  
that face—something so full of unutterable  
loneliness, unexpressed despair—that  
the aged minister started back in horror.  
But look, these strong arms are clutching  
at the vacant air—the death sweat  
stands in drops upon the cold brow—the  
man is dying!

Throb!—throb!—throb!—beat the  
death-watch in the shattered wall.  
"Would you die in the faith of a

Christian?" faltered the preacher, as he  
kneelt there on the dark floor.

The white lips of the death-stricken  
man trembled but made no sound.

Then, with the agony of death upon  
him, he rose into a sitting posture. For  
the first time, he spoke:

"Christian!" he echoed in that deep  
tone which thrilled the preacher to the  
heart, "will that faith give me back my  
honor? Come with me—with me far,  
far over the water. Ha! we are there!

This is my native home. Yonder is the  
church in which I knelt in childhood—  
yonder the green on which I sported when  
a boy. But another flag than that waved  
when I was a child. And listen, old  
man; were I to pass this street as I passed  
when but a child, the very babes in  
their cradles would raise their tiny hands  
and curse me. The graves in yonder  
churchyard would shrink from my foot-  
steps, and yonder flag would stain a bap-  
tism of blood upon my heart."

That was an awful death-bed. The  
minister has watched the "last night,"  
with a hundred convicts in their cells,  
and yet never beheld a scene so terrible as  
this.

Suddenly the dying man arose. He  
trottered along the floor. With those  
white fingers, whose nails are blue with  
the death-chill, he opened the valise. He  
showed his military coat trimmed with  
silver, an old parchment, a piece of cloth  
that looked like the wreck of a battle  
flag.

"Look ye, priest, this faded coat is  
spotted with my blood!" he cried, as old  
memories seemed stirring at his heart.  
This is the coat I wore when I planted  
the banner of the stars on Ticonderoga.  
That bullet hole was pierced in the fight  
at Quebec; now—I am a—let me whisper  
in your ear.

"Now, help me, priest," he said in a  
voice growing suddenly tremulous; "help  
me put on this coat of blue and silver.  
For you see," and a ghastly smile came  
over his face, "there is no one to wipe the  
cold drops from my brow; no wife, no  
child—I must meet death alone; but I  
will meet him, as I met him in battle,  
without fear."

While he stood arraying himself in  
that worn-out coat of blue and silver,  
the good preacher spoke to him of faith  
in Jesus. Yes, of that great faith which  
pierces the clouds of human guilt, and  
rolls them back from the face of God.

"Faith!" echoed the strange man, who  
stood there erect, with the death-light in  
his eye. "Faith! can it give me back my  
honor? Look ye, priest, there, telling  
over the waves, sits George Washington, over  
his comrades the pleasant story of the  
eight years' war—there in his royal  
hall sits George of England bemoaning in  
his idiotic rage the loss of his colonies.  
And here am I—who was the first to  
raise the flag of freedom, the first to strike  
the blow against that King—here am I,  
dying like a dog!"

The awe-stricken preacher started back  
from the look of the dying man while—  
throb—throb—throb—beat the death-  
watch in the shattered wall.

"Hush! silence along the line there!"  
he muttered, in that wild, absent tone,  
as though speaking to the dead; "silence  
along the lines! Hark, ye, Montgomery,  
we will meet them in victory or death!  
Hush! silence, my men, not a whisper,  
as you move up those steep rocks! Now on,  
my boys, now on! Men of the wilderness,  
we will gain the town. Now up  
with the banner of the stars; up with  
the flag of freedom, though the night is  
dark and the snow falls! Now—now—"  
shrieked the death-stricken man, towering  
there in the blue uniform, with his clenched  
hands waving in the air—"now, now!  
One blow, and Quebec is ours!"

And look, his eyes grew glassy. With  
that word on his lips, he stands there—  
ah! what a hideous picture of despair,  
erect, livid, ghastly! There for a moment,  
and then he falls! He is dead! Ah!  
look at that proud form, thrown cold and  
stiff upon the damp floor. In that glassy  
eye there lingers even yet, horrible energy,  
a sublimity of despair.

Who is this strange man, dying here  
alone in this rude garret, this man, who,  
in all his crime, still treasured up his blue  
uniform and faded flag?

Who is this being of terrible remorse?  
This man, whose memories link some-  
thing of heaven and of hell?

Let us look at that parchment and the  
flag.

The old minister unrolls that faded  
flag. It was a blue banner gleaming with  
thirteen stars.

He unrolls that parchment. It is a  
Colonel's commission in the Continental  
Army, addressed BENEDICT ARNOLD!

And there, in that rude hut, while the  
death-watch throbbed like a heart in the  
shattered wall—unknown, unwept, in all  
the bitterness of desolation, lay the corpse  
of that patriot and traitor.

Oh, that our own true Washington had  
been there, to see that good right arm  
from the corpse, and while the dishonored  
body rotted into dust, to bring home that  
good right arm, and embalm it among  
the holiest memories of the past.

For that right arm had struck many a  
gallant blow for freedom, yonder at Ti-  
conderoga, at Quebec, Champlain, and  
Saratoga—that arm yonder, beneath the  
snow-white mountain, on the deep silence  
of the dead, first raised into the light  
the banner of the STARS.

It was during the renowned expedition  
through the wilderness to Quebec, that  
Arnold escaped for two or three days  
beside the River of the Dead, near a snow-  
white mountain, which rose in lovely

grandeur over all other mountains, into  
the autumnal sky. A single soldier as-  
cended the mountain with the hope of  
beholding from its summit the rocks and  
spires of Quebec. When he came down  
Arnold took from his breast, where, for  
four days in privation and danger he had  
carried it, a blue banner gleaming with  
thirteen stars. He raised it into the light,  
and for the first time the Continental  
Banner floated over the solitude of the  
Dead River. This is a fact attested by  
history and corroborated by tradition.

## Miscellaneous.

WASHINGTON CROSSING THE  
DELAWARE.

BY GEORGE SMITH.

Dark and gloomy was the hour,  
And Freedom's fires burnt low;  
For twenty days had Washington  
Retreated from the foe;

And his weary soldiers' feet were sore,  
As he led across the Delaware.

Hearts were failing through the land,  
And patriot blood ran cold;  
The stricken army were retreating  
Two thousand men, all told;

While the British sang gleefully every where,  
From the Hudson to the Delaware.

Cold and weary came the night;  
The great Chief found his men;  
"Now, up, brave comrades, up, and strike  
For Freedom once again;

For the lion sleeps in his lair,  
On the left bank of the Delaware."

By the dwelling river's side,  
Beneath a wintry sky,  
From that weak bend, before and fear,  
Went up the patriot cry:

"O, land of Freedom, never despair!  
We'll die, or cross the Delaware!"

How the strong ones dashed the ice,  
And the tempest's roar;  
And how the trumpet voice of Knox  
Still drove them to the shore!

Thus in the freezing midnight air,  
These brave hearts crossed the Delaware.

In the morning, grey and dim,  
The cheer of guns was heard;  
The Chief led back his valiant men,  
With a thousand captive freed;

White Treston shook with cannon's roar,  
That told the news o'er the Delaware.

NICKNAMES.—It frequently happens  
that certain States and cities, instead of  
being referred to by their proper names,  
are indicated in some other way. Thus  
we have:

Virginia, the "Old Dominion."  
Massachusetts, the "Bay State."  
Rhode Island, "Little Rhodey."  
New York, "Empire State."  
New Hampshire, "Granite State."  
Vermont, the "Green Mountain State."  
Connecticut, the "Land of Steady  
Habits."

Pennsylvania, the "Keystone State."  
North Carolina, "Old North State."  
South Carolina, the "Palmetto State."  
Ohio, the "Buckeye State."  
Michigan, the "Wolverine State."  
Missouri, the "Pike State."  
Indiana, the "Hoosier State."  
Illinois, the "Sucker State."  
Iowa, the "Hawkeye State."  
Florida, the "Peninsular State."

So, also, we have:  
New York City, the "Metropolis of  
America," the "Commercial Emperi-  
um," and "Gotham."  
Boston, the "Modern Athens," and the  
"Literary Emperium."  
Philadelphia, the "City of Brotherly  
Love," "City of Penn," and the "Quaker  
City."  
Baltimore, the "Monumental City."  
Cincinnati, the "Queen City," "Queen  
of the West," and "Corkopolis."  
New Orleans, the "Porkopolis."  
Washington, the "City of Magnificent  
Distances."

Chicago, the "Garden City."  
Detroit, the "City of the Straits."  
Cleveland, the "Forest City."  
New Haven, the "City of Elms."  
Richmond, (Ind.), the "Quaker City  
of the West."  
Lafayette, the "Star City."  
Indianapolis, the "Railroad City."  
St. Louis, the "Mound City."  
Keokuk, the "Gate City."

It is reported that John Glancy Jones,  
the worst beaten man in Pennsylvania for  
Congress, has been appointed Minister to  
Austria. The President takes care of  
those whom the people reprobate, and the  
people take care of those whom the Presi-  
dent reprobates.—*Cleveland Plaindealer.*

The Cincinnati Enquirer, Democratic  
organ, copies the above and says:

That rule does not seem to have worked  
well in your case, as you have been reprob-  
ated by both the President and the people.

This is really cruel. The Cincinnati  
Postmaster ought to have some little  
mercy on his bearded brother of the  
Plaindealer.—*Columbus Journal.*

The National Intelligencer regales its  
readers, as a piece of very early news,  
with the speech of one of our Senators  
on Kansas, delivered last March. No  
wonder that the Washington journals  
require aid from Congress to see out their  
sickly existence, and still less wonder that  
in a pinch the Administration can always  
command their services and their praise.

The Illinois Register says that the  
Richmond South has finally come out  
in favor of the re-election of Judge Dou-  
glas to the Senate. So there is another  
"Richmond" in the field. We venture  
to predict, however, that no Richmond  
North will ever come out in his favor.

Gen. Jackson's Birth Place.—South  
Carolina vs. Virginia.

The claim of Major Davenport that  
Gen. Jackson was born in Virginia, is  
refuted by the Lancaster (S. C.) Ledger,  
which shows that he was a native of that  
district. We quote:

The family of Jackson was Scotch,  
and emigrated, at an early period, to the  
North of Ireland. Andrew Jackson, the  
father of General Jackson, with his sons,  
Hugh and Robert, left Ireland and landed  
in Charleston, in 1765, and removed to  
the Waxhaws, Lancaster District, S. C.,  
there to reside. Major Robert Crawford,  
with others of the Crawford family, came  
over with him, and likewise settled in the  
Waxhaws. Andrew Jackson died shortly  
after his arrival in this country, and just  
before the birth of his son Andrew. The  
latter was born on the 15th day of March,  
1767.

The Jacks were in rather indigent  
circumstances; but Major Crawford, a  
wealthy man, was, through the marriage  
of one of his brothers with the sister of  
Andrew Jackson's (Sr.) wife, somewhat  
a family connection, and was the firm  
and unrelenting friend of the Jacks.

From the best information we can gather,  
the mother of Gen. Jackson had left the  
place where her husband first settled, and  
was, at the time of the birth of her son  
Andrew, living on a place belonging to  
Major Crawford, and very near to his  
place of residence. In a very short time  
after that event—the birth of Andrew—  
Major Crawford took her to his own house,  
and it was her home until her death.

Major Crawford took good care of his  
protege; and was repaid by a filial affec-  
tion that died only when the old hero  
himself ceased to exist. The descendants  
of Major Crawford are numerous, and the  
tradition of the family as to the birth-  
place of Jackson is as we have above  
stated. There are numerous relations of  
Gen. Jackson now living in this district  
—some of them second cousins—and the  
tradition among them is that Gen. Jack-  
son was born in the Waxhaws. The  
tradition is not vague and uncertain; it  
is positive, direct; and is founded upon  
information handed down from parents to  
their children. There are men and wo-  
men now here, and many of them, who  
have conversed with persons of undoubted  
veracity, who were present at the birth of  
Gen. Jackson. Some of those who were  
present were near relatives, and gave some  
years ago their testimony to the fact that  
their distinguished kinsman was born in  
the Waxhaws. All the above can be  
verified, if necessary, by men and women  
among us of unquestioned character.

The Ledger further states that Martin  
P. Crawford, Esq., the grandson of Maj.  
Robert Crawford, is now the owner of an  
old negro woman who was a playmate of  
Jackson's in early childhood. Phillips is  
upwards of ninety years old, and can point  
the exact spot on which stood the house  
in which Gen. Jackson was born.

GREAT EVENTS IN 1858.—1. The Re-  
vival of Religion, the most extensive and  
thorough ever experienced in the United  
States.

2. The triumph of the American  
Tract Society, the greatest moral victory  
of truth over error achieved since the  
Reformation of Martin Luther.

3. The successful completion of the  
Electric Telegraph from Europe to Ameri-  
ca, the greatest work of human perseve-  
rance and enterprise.

4. The opening of China to the com-  
merce of the world, and free toleration of  
the Christian religion throughout the Em-  
pire.

The late Postmaster at Quincy, Ill.,  
who was a warm friend of Senator Dou-  
glas, and was told that if he did not give  
up Douglas he must give up his office, is  
said to have used the following eloquent  
language:

"Mr. Buchanan may go to hell with  
his damned old post office, if he don't  
like my Democracy!"

Mr. Buchanan removed the gentleman's  
head.

The Cincinnati Enquirer complains  
that the defeat of the Democratic ticket  
in Jefferson County was caused by a story  
put in circulation by the Republicans, that  
President Buchanan had signed a bill  
making smooth quarters only worth twenty  
cents. We incline to think there was  
truth in the story after all; for when he  
signed the English bill, the "quarters"  
of a good many Democratic Congressmen  
in Pennsylvania were not worth a red.

The Vincennes Gazette says that a  
memorial is being circulated and is being  
extensively signed in Ohio, praying the  
Legislature to take steps for relieving that  
State of the incubus of free negroes, by  
sending them back to the land of their  
fathers. We fear that if this were strictly  
carried out, most of the negroes would  
be sent South.

Parson Brownlow, of the Knoxville  
Whig, says: "In all personal and polit-  
ical matters, I will take the course that  
suits me, without consulting any one, and  
hold myself responsible for the conse-  
quences." We recommend a course of  
sprouts as likely to do him more good  
than anything else.

The Washington States (Douglas or-  
gan), records with great demonstrations  
of satisfaction, the entire coincidence be-  
tween Jefferson Davis and Senator Dou-  
glas on the Slavery question. Can the  
States say as much for their coincidence  
on the next Presidential question?

A Grist for Prentice.

Mr. Douglas is to be pitied. He is  
perfectly furious against Mr. Buchanan,  
but dares not abuse him. To use a com-  
parison more strong than delicate, he is  
like a Scotchman that's got the itch and  
no finger nails to scratch with.

In Sweden, a man who is seen four  
times drunk is deprived of a vote at elec-  
tions. In some of our large cities this  
rule is reversed, a drunken man is made  
to vote four times.

On the evening of the 17th of Septem-  
ber, the day of the departure of the last  
mail from Salt Lake, thirteen births were  
reported in Elder Kimball's family. We  
think that Brigham must be getting jeal-  
ous. He may well tremble for his su-  
premaccy among the Utah women.

Mirabeau said that silence was the most  
eloquent lesson that can be given by sub-  
jects to their rulers. We are not dispo-  
sed to question the general truth of this  
apothegm, but we think the loud talk of  
Pennsylvania last week had its eloquence  
as well as force.

The Cincinnati Times says the "pre-  
vailing epidemic now raging in this city  
is the thirst for strong drink." We pre-  
sume the eye faces occasioned by the re-  
sults of the election have struck in.

The majority against the Democracy  
in Ohio, according to the returns, is about  
30,000, and in Pennsylvania 60,000.  
The Democracy seem to be thanking God  
that it is no greater.

The Southern Democratic papers are  
as witty over the elections as brevity can  
make them. They dispatch them in two  
or three lines, thinking the least said  
the soonest mended.

The editor of the New York Observer  
glorifies Mr. Buchanan for having walked  
two miles to church on Sunday. We  
suppose the old gentleman's carriage or  
buggy was in use, and he was too parsi-  
monious to hire one.

The St. Louis Republican thinks that  
Mr. Lincoln's election would cause dismay  
in more than one-half of the States of the  
Union. Probably it would cause dismay  
in all the States of the Union—in fact  
wherever Locofocos are to be found.

The "Pennsylvania Dutch," of Berks  
County, have a highly appreciative opin-  
ion of Glancy Jones. One of them said,  
"it is no shame if Misher Shones be not  
elected, for he is the Committee of the  
Shrairman of Mean Ways!"

NEW CANDIDATE FOR THE PRESIDENCY.  
—A German Sunday paper, published in  
New York, suggests Morrissey as a prop-  
er candidate for the Presidency in 1860.  
The editor insists that no one in Congress  
then would be so audacious as to refuse  
the appropriation of money, or to oppose  
the measures of the Administration; for  
who would like to fight eleven rounds  
with His Excellency, the President, to  
have his head and breast smashed? The  
United States would then have a strong  
Government. He says:

"Morrissey, Esq.," is also a "self-made"  
man. The Rough-Skins, Blood-Tubs,  
Mackerel Boys, Dead-Ribbits, Plug-Ug-  
lies, and other patriotic associations and  
clubs, having already opened the campaign  
at Long Point, Canada, where Morrissey  
used striking arguments against his op-  
ponent, Heenan, Esq. The following  
ticket is suggested for the Cabinet:

For Secretary of State—Yankee Sulli-  
van, Esq.

For Secretary of the Treasury—Dad  
Cunningham, Esq.

For Secretary of War—Tom Hyer,  
Esq.

For Secretary of the Navy—John  
Dobson, Esq.

For Postmaster General—Billy Mulli-  
gan, Esq.

For Secretary of the Interior—Benicia  
Boy, Esq.

For Indian Affairs—Awful Gardner,  
Esq.

James G. Jameson, nephew of ex-  
President Pierce, cut his throat with a  
razor, and died, in Boston, on Thursday.

—Exchange.

We really do not think there was suf-  
ficient reason for the young man to cut  
his throat. He might have removed to  
a foreign country, where his relationship  
to ex-President Pierce would never have  
been known.—*Low Jour.*

At the Fourth of July celebration, held  
at Lexington, the following toast was  
offered:

"Hoops and Tight Pants—the unquali-  
fied representatives of financial extremes.  
May the charms of the ladies be as bound-  
less as their skirts; and may the gents  
never get as tight as their breeches."

The Charleston News says the South  
has but one thing to do, and that is to  
prepare at once for a Southern Confed-  
eracy, and decisively proceed to form it.  
At the assembling of Congress, in a few  
weeks, let the Southern members convene  
in open meeting, plant their feet, and an-  
nounce the determination.

A PRESIDENTIAL TICKET.—The Indi-  
ana American, a paper devoted to, as we  
find in the title page, "to sound morals,  
pure temperance, and rare fun," raises as  
its candidates for the next Presidential  
race, the names of John C. Fremont and  
John W. Forney.

A gentleman recently inquired of Gov.  
Harris, of Tennessee, when he intended  
to appoint a day for Thanksgiving. "I'd  
like to know what the day the Demo-  
crats have got to thank God for this year,"  
was the melancholy response.

ROSALIE VANE.

I met her when buds and when blossoms were rare,  
And the glory of summer enshined the bowers;  
With a wreath on her brow, and a smile on her lip,  
Like a dew-lighted flower a bee loves to sip;  
For Eos had bound her a bride in his train,  
And the fairest and truest was Rosalie Vane.

I met her when autumn was fragrant with flowers,  
And the glory of summer enshined the bowers;  
With a wreath on her brow, and a smile on her lip,  
Like a dew-lighted flower a bee loves to sip;  
For Eos had bound her a bride in his train,  
And the fairest and truest was Rosalie Vane.

I met her when leaves that the wild summer gave,  
Had faded like mist on the foam-covered waves—  
The angels had whispered, sweet sister, we come!  
And the spirit from Heaven went back to her home.  
The winter passed over, and never again  
Shall I see thee and love thee, sweet Rosalie Vane.

A Good Letter.

The following letter from the "gallant  
Harry of the West," the old Whig  
leader, the practical American Statesman,  
has recently been published, for the first  
time. It was written during the depressed  
times of John Tyler's administration,  
but is equally applicable to the present  
circumstances of the nation:

"ASHLAND, 6th April, 1843.

DEAR SIR:—I received your favor and  
concent with you in all that you have said  
about the ills of the country and the  
causes of them. They originated at  
Washington, and the remedy ought to  
come from the same place; but, during  
the present administration, we are not  
allowed to hope for one. In the mean-  
time, the only alternative left to the peo-  
ple is in their industry, economy and frugality.  
The savings of one family, in  
the course of a year are not much; but  
when seventeen millions of people are all  
at the same time practicing economy, the  
aggregate of their savings in that time is  
immense. The people being unable to  
consume foreign commodities, the im-  
portations are small, and specie is flowing  
into the country through all its great in-  
lets. The effect will be to augment the  
circulation both of specie and of bank  
notes redeemable in specie; and I think  
in the course of the year we shall begin  
to feel the salutary influence of this state  
of things.

I thank you for your invitation to visit  
Illinois; but I regret that I cannot prom-  
ise myself that satisfaction.

With great regard, I am yours truly,  
H. CLAY.

JAMES WALCOTT, Esq.

The New York Times says that Wen-  
dell, of the Union, declares himself in  
favor of Douglas. He says "he is mak-  
ing money by publishing the attacks upon  
him, but disclaims any responsibility  
thereof." We should like to know who  
paid him, and whether Douglas did it to  
cheat the voters of Illinois into a belief  
that he is honest in breaking with the  
Administration.

The Washington Union has discovered  
"a strange political phenomenon," to  
wit: that "a large class of naturalized  
citizens have gone over to help the Re-  
publicans!" If the Union were to look  
at the signs hereabouts, it would also  
discover another strange political phe-  
nomenon, to wit: that a large class of  
un-naturalized citizens had gone over to  
help the Douglasites.

HOW WE LOOK IN GREEK.—A life of  
Washington has just made its appearance  
at Athens, Greece. They make shocking  
work with our names. Washington is  
rendered *Quagion*; Hancock is *Agkok*